

EVENING THOUGHTS.

For all the mercies of the day
Which now has nearly passed away,
I bless and praise Thee, Lord,
Imploring Thee, ere night begins,
To pardon all my many sins
Of thought, and deed, and word.

Time is a talent to us lent,
Not to be wasted or mis-spent,
But used for Thee and Thine.
What have I done this day to prove
For Thee and Thine my growing love,
And that Thy will is mine?

O Saviour, who didst die for me,
Enable me to live for Thee
Until my life shall end;
And when that solemn hour draws
near,
Grant that I may without a fear
My soul to Thee commend.

—Eleanor Plumtre.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Mrs. Campbell picked up the post-card that was lying by her breakfast plate Saturday morning and read aloud: "For some reason I cannot wash Monday. If nothing happens, I will come Tuesday.—Mrs. Olsen." A laugh went around the table. "How mysterious!" commented Janet. "Apparently doesn't know the reason herself." "She means 'for a certain reason,'" replied Norman. "She doesn't want to tell that she's going to one of their Swedish picnics." "So likely—in zero weather!" chuckled Mr. Campbell, at his son's expense. "Well, it upsets the whole week's work to put off the washing," said practical Marion. "Bother! I wanted her to do up my wash-silk dress for Tuesday night!" pouted Caribel. But Dorothy's eyes were on her mother's face. "I'm afraid Mrs. Olsen is in trouble," said Mrs. Campbell. "She is so faithful! I wish I could know, but she lives away out on Ninety-third Street." She glanced at Norman, who was evidently too busy with his breakfast. When the family gathered at dinner that night Dorothy was missing. "She went out to Mrs. Olsen's for me," her mother explained. "Really, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Campbell—and he expressed the feeling of every one at the table—"I think that was carrying sentiment too far! To send your child out in bitter weather, just on the chance—" "Here she comes now, father!" cried Norman in relief. "Hurry up, Dot, and tell us what 'some reason' means!" Dorothy came into the dining-room and stood by her father's chair. Her cheeks were scarlet with the cold, but she was well protected in her warm wraps and furs. "O mother," she began, in a hushed voice, "Mrs. Olsen's husband died!" "Dorothy!" "Yes, very suddenly, the night before she wrote you that card. But you ought to have seen how thankful she was to you for sending to inquire!" Here the impulsive girl threw both arms round her father's neck. "Darling, it might have been you!" she whispered, and

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added aloud, "Oh, I wish you could have heard poor Mrs. Olsen talk about mother! She thinks she's the best woman in the whole world!" "She is!" responded Mr. Campbell fervently, his eyes full of sudden tears, and Norman pushed back his chair and went and kissed his mother.—Youth's Companion.

IT PAID TO BE KIND.

By Sarah K. Bolton.
Snow lay deep on the ground, and during most of the week a slow, half-freezing rain chilled everyone who stepped out-of-doors. Men pulled their overcoats tightly about them, and horses shivered in the pitiless and constant storm. Going to the home of a friend, I saw a small, shaggy dog crouching under the window of a near-by residence, as though to shield itself from the rain and cold. She was a young black spaniel, prettily marked with white breast and feet. I did not suppose the owner of the house, a lady whom I knew well, was aware of the presence of the little creature. "Oh! yes," she said, "the dog has been around here for a week. I didn't feed her, for I didn't want her to stay. I have taken the broom to her to drive her off the porch, but still she stays." Hurt and surprised at such a statement, I said: "She is cold and hungry and so small. I wish you could find a warm nook for her. The storm is dreadful for us, and not less for a homeless dog." Death had not entered her home, as it did later, nor the

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pinching of poverty, to make her heart tender. If the dog died, she did not hold herself responsible. Her children would gladly have taken it in, but she would not have it. Burdened already with the care of many animals, I took her home. She nestled into my arms and sobbed almost as if human. I could not see any way to keep her after she had recovered from the exposure, and advertised in the newspapers that a home was wanted for a pretty spaniel dog. A few days later a man and his little boy came six miles to see me. They had seen the advertisement, and the boy of six urged his father to come and get the dog. I questioned the man, and found that there had been a struggle to keep his family, but, like many another poor person, he

had a heart to help a homeless dog, and a desire to make his little son happy. I learned that he was a mattress maker by trade, that he repaired many at his little shop, and was eager for more work. A well-known Episcopal clergyman had interested himself in the family, and influenced several of his parishioners to send him work. The minister's words and acts went hand in hand. I heard later from the man of the comfort the lost dog gave them, how she watched his coming home at night, her face pressed against the window pane beside that of his little boy, and of his gratitude to me for saving her. The well-to-do woman had no room in her nice home, but in that of the poor man there was enough and to spare. I determined that the good deed of this should not go unrewarded. I sent him work, interested my friends, and without any asking on his part he was abundantly rewarded for his kind act. His whole family had been made happier by the grateful dog. The child had a companion; she slept on his bed, and shared his bread and butter. Her affection paid them a hundred fold. How much the well-to-do woman missed in her selfishness! And yet there are many like her. It will take a good deal of preaching from our pulpits, and teaching in our schools, before we are awakened to our duty to the dumb, and live up to our high privilege of following Him Who said, even of the sparrows: "Not one of them is forgotten before God."—American Primary Teacher.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

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